

8,000 MARCH IN POLICE PARADE

Fifth Avenue Thronged Applaud Men Reviewed by the Mayor.

MEDALS GO TO EIGHT

Army and Navy Join Praise for Splendid Line in Blue.

BAND FOR EACH REGIMENT

Rookies Play Star Part in Department's Annual Ceremonies.

Yesterday was the day that you had to quit kicking our cops around.

Up Fifth avenue almost 8,000 strong swept the blue lines—reckless in the sunlight, marching like soldiers and sailors too, the satin skinned mounds of the cavalry coppers picking their way daintily in beautiful alignment, brass bands smashing out John Philip Sousa's and Irving Berlin's flags and ruidons of red and white snapping bravely, and all New York and environs jamming sidewalks, reviewing stand, windows and balconies to look and applaud and whoop it up for favorites.

And right up in front strode eight young men, clear eyes gazing straight up Fifth avenue to that spot almost two miles north of the starting point, where a Mayor their own eyes was waiting to walk out on the asphalt and pin upon their broad blue chests the medals that told what all the thousands already knew—that they had walked right up to death and were brave.

The yells and the clatter of applause cracked across the little line of heroes as they tramped rhythmically the avenue back of the Police Band, ripping out ragtime classics, just one kick back of the hoofs of their Chief Inspector's parade veteran charger, Old Frank of the glossy bay complexion. Maybe they heard the applause above the band music and maybe they didn't, but probably they did—but they didn't show they did so much as a slight sideways twist of an eyeball.

Praise From Army and Navy.

Ask the man who had seen all police parades back to kingdom come, or ask the gold laced army men from Governors Island and naval officers from the Brooklyn navy yard who helped the Mayor and his municipal family applaud as the lines swept by the reviewing stand. All of them were asked after it was over, and all of them, including the army and navy, said that they were as well set up and marched and rode as well yesterday as Uncle Sam's regulars.

Then when the Mayor and the Police Commissioner had pinned the last of the eight medals and infantry, cavalry, bicycle and motor cycle regiments had swung by the stand, out upon the asphalt marched a special battalion of beautiful looking rookies, fresh from the School for Recruits and not one of them on the force even long enough to be able to sport on the coat cuffs the black silk band worn by the policemen who had preceded them.

And applause that started with the handclapping of the Mayor and the other high tide of gold braided celebrities around him and rolled skyward to be taken up by the men, women and children hanging out of windows up to and including the skylines of towering hotels.

The 180 boyish looking rookies went through their riot and order drills, formed wheels and five pointed stars and altogether conducted themselves with a precision which made one think that throughout all their young days their entire time had been given to forming wheels and stars and exhibition drills.

The excitement really began miles to the southward when Commissioner Arthur Woods and his aids rode down to the City Hall by automobile, two troops of mounted traffic men clattering to port and starboard of the glistening two quart hats.

Shortly before 1 o'clock out of the City Hall came Mayor Mitchell, Mr. McAneny, Mr. Prendergast and the other officials of the city who hold jobs that had been voted to them last election day. Mayor and Commissioner Woods stepped into the first automobile and led the string of automobiles northward, the mounted police looping along with them.

Broadway Sees the Mayor.

Just as the machines honked through Madison Square and moved up Broadway the word to begin was given to the dozen and more regiments of police waiting at the square and in side streets for the starting signal. The Mayor and his little automobile parade went on up Broadway to Forty-second street, across to Fifth avenue and up the avenue to the reviewing stand across the street from the Hotel Savoy at Fifty-ninth street.

Notable guests already were at the stand and more were coming constantly. Mayor Mitchell mounted to the stand, where for two hours and a half thereafter he stood in the front row with the Board of Estimate and other officials ranged on either side of him, Police Commissioner Woods at his left.

So momentous was the occasion that it brought out Herman Metz himself, once Comptroller, next almost but not Comptroller and now a Congressional statesman who until yesterday seemed of late to lose all hankering to drag out the gowns and stand right up among our leading citizens on public occasions.

Congressman Metz's right rested on Dudley Field Malone, whose right rested upon Odeen Mills Reid. Down in front of them and to their right, all dolled up in dress uniform, was Col. W. A. Simpson, U. S. A., who had come over from Governors Island to represent the U. S. Navy, who was unable to be present.

Capt. Albert Gleaves, commandant of the navy yard, stood close to the white flag of the Mayor also, Major H. R. Evans and Lieut. Albert J. Tucker, aids to Gen. Evans, were with Col. Simpson, Lieut. Blakelee, U. S. N., was with Capt. Gleaves for a while, but for a good and sufficient reason later decided to amble further up toward the north end of the stand. The good and sufficient reason was a beautiful spring bonnet and a gaudy gown and said she thought the police marched wonderfully.

Adamson Arrives in Red.

Fire Commissioner Robert Adamson arrived all in bright red—the Fire Department machine that surrounded him was all in red, that is, Park Commissioner John Weiler of Queens, who—unless he objects—might be called a rookie U. S. inasmuch as he has just stepped into his job, was there early.

Dock Commissioner R. A. C. Smith was flawless in a new spring suit of gray and tan tail but loomed higher than anything to sight with the possible exception of the ruddy face of Lieut. Brady, standing out in front of the Mayor and applauded after his long Pullman trip into

THE POLICE HONOR MEN IN FRONT OF THE GRAND STAND

Back of them, left to right, Mayor Mitchell, President Board of Aldermen George McAneny, Comptroller William Prendergast, Borough President Marcus Marks and Fire Commissioner Adamson.



this country from the Bathgate avenue police station.

And there were Mrs. Mitchell, chatting with the Mayor's secretary, Theodore Rousseau—some job, that of Teddy's—and Henry Gleaves, Chief Magistrate McAdoo, Charles E. Chapin, John Hammond and his venerable father, Miss Mary Hammond, ex-Commissioners Blagham, McKay, Greene and Cronsey, Bishop David Greer, Mrs. Lavinia Hahli, Mendes, Otto T. Barnard, Col. Daniel Appleton, Elbert H. Gary, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Alderman Curran, all the Borough Presidents, ex-Mayor Kinn, George D. Porter, Director of Public Safety, Philadelphia, and all that a stand built for 1,800 would hold and then some.

For a minute it looked as if President Wilson himself was on hand. But, on the word of the gentleman himself, he said that once and for all he was not President Wilson, but Deputy Fire Commissioner W. Holden Weeks and that it isn't his fault if the President looks like him—or words to that effect.

Schmittberger on Old Frank.

It was just 1:40 o'clock when Chief Inspector Max F. Schmittberger, old Frank stepping high, led his braves through the huddleback that arose from reviewing stand and vicinity. Back of him rode abreast his staff of police surgeons, chaplains and others with Capt. Jacob Brown of the traffic police as chief of staff.

From that time until a few minutes before 1 o'clock some one of the fourteen brass bands in line was braying steadily opposite the south end of the stand. For as each band came to Fifty-eighth street it wheeled to the east curb of the avenue, then faced about, and until the next band in line arrived to take its place, it did a continuous musical peg post stunt so that always the marchers would be passing the Mayor entirely surrounded by sprightly march companies and banging drums.

The Police Band, marching faultlessly, crashed by the stand, counter-marched and then went to the Fifty-eighth street and then went to the next band came along to relieve them. But before the first of the marchers, waiting down near St. Patrick's Cathedral, came along the big whoops of the day detonated to high heaven and the little line of eight medal men came to attention and faced the Mayor from out in the middle of the sunlit asphalt.

Brave Men, but Faces Pale.

Step out here, you Jimmie Steel, white faced and with the coat of your patrolman uniform rising and falling rapidly along the lung line. And you, Billy Kuntz and Joe Ryan of the perpetrating grin, and you, Halahan and Bill J. Kenna and George Schlesinger and Phil Carolan—patrolmen all—and Detective Sergeant Billy Ennis.

Out they stepped with faces pale by the excitement and glory of the moment—all expressionless except where the broad face of Joe Ryan, third in line, grinned his chronic grin almost as luminously as the seven medals that tinkled on his chest even before the Mayor added the eighth.

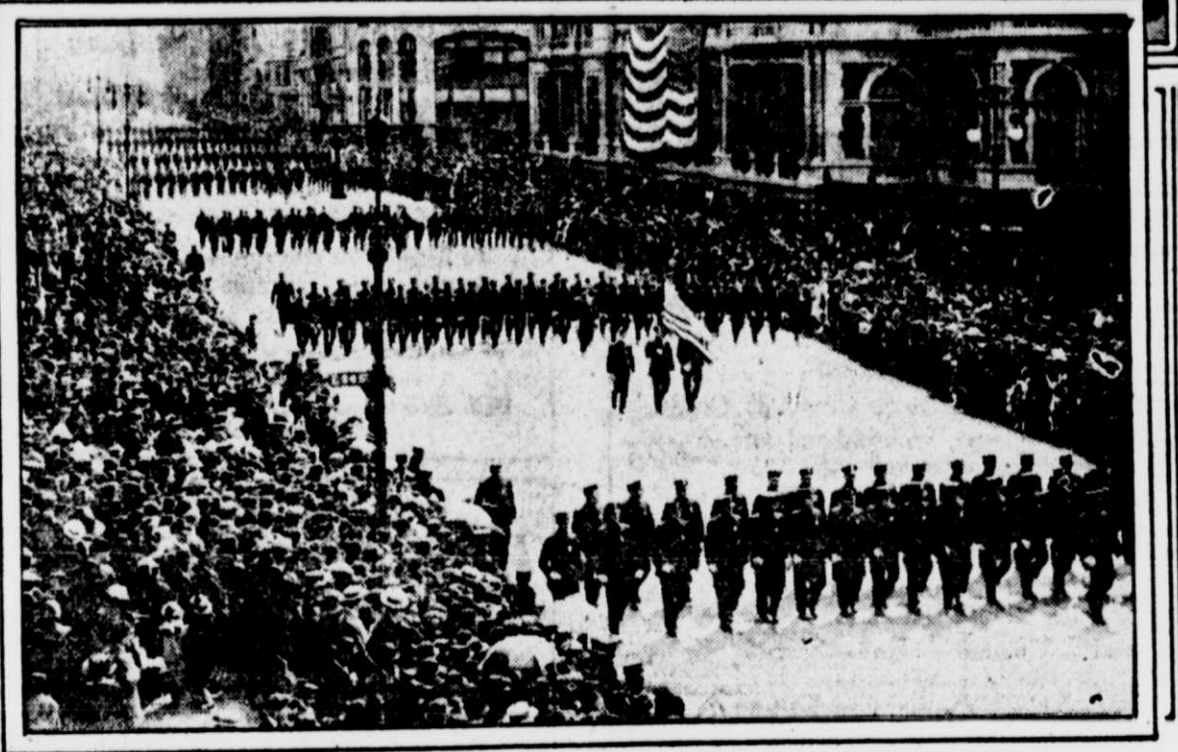
Patrolman Steel received a department medal and the Rindlander medal for wading into the bullets of a gang fight in Twelfth avenue last May; Patrolman Kuntz, department medal and the Isaac Bell medal for bravery in the same gangsters' battle; Patrolman Ryan, department medal and the Rindlander medal for saving a man last December; Patrolman John Halahan, department medal and the Automobile Club of New York medal for running right up to the muzzle of a revolver and grabbing a gunfighter while two others were bawling at both the policeman and his prisoner; Patrolman Schlesinger, department medal for making an arrest at the same time; Patrolman Carolan, department medal for running straight toward two men, the flashes from whose revolvers in the darkness were the only guides to their whereabouts and capturing them; and Detective Sergeant Ennis, a department medal for doing what Patrolman Carolan had done and upon the same occasion a year ago last April.

Cheers for Medal Winners.

Cheers accompanied the eight as they marched behind the Mayor back to the stand and faced about as a guard of honor while the paraders passed by. And up in the press of the stand sat ten particularly ecstatic kiddies—four young Carolans and six young Ennises, with their mothers. The Commissioner had given each of the eight honor men four tickets, but when at the last moment it was learned that one of Patrolman Carolan's children would have to stay home if their mother was to go and three of Sergeant Ennis's hopefuls to let their mother and the three eldest go, then the Commissioner personally raced around, panting freely, until, just in time, he had rounded up somehow, tickets enough for all the Ennis and Carolan youngsters.

In thirteen regiments the foot police now swept by, an Inspector and a brass band at the head of each regiment and a glistening green automobile hurrying up wagon trailing after each of the regiments. There was applause almost always, but at times it reached an uproar as a particularly well lined company came along while white gloves swinging in unison and "eyes left" while passing the Mayor.

And there were sharp yells for favorites also as the street crowds or members of



The parade passing the Cornelius Vanderbilt mansion.

their families in the stand saw them march, by—widest whoops for the learned looking, dignified Inspector John Daily, "best cop in town"; yells for Capt. Coleman that stifled the band music down the street, hand clappings like musketry for the Chief Inspector, and so on and so on.

As always, there was an uproar when, just at 3 o'clock, the first of the long line of troops of mounted men, Inspector Tom Myers at their head, clattered upon the plaza. That's where Gen. Bingham, who brought the mounted men to their present high state of efficiency, exploded as "the best matched horses in the world" hooped it past the stand, their arched bay necks all arow and the men blue statues.

Applause for the Wheel Squads.

There was lots of enthusiasm left too for the small squad of like cops, wheeling slowly along, and more for the motor-cycle squads that made of the end of the procession a trail of smoke and barking gasoline explosions.

Then when the last of the motor cycles had banged itself to the northward where the parade was disbanding into the plaza, came the special battalion of foot rookies for review and inspection, riot formation, wheels, stars and street column maneuvers. Five troops of mounted police took their places then and closed a day of glory with clattering evolutions that included a sharp pointed flying wedge thundering by, mounted and dismounted riot formation, the "street square" drill and a final passage in review, presenting their clubs as the Mayor raised his hat to them.

Lieut. Schofield snapped out the orders for this final drill of the mounted men. Did he know how? Well, if anybody should ask you, Billy learned it long ago when he was a soldier, and a good one, in the regular army, that's all.

"I think the showing was a splendid one," Mayor Mitchell told the reporters when it was all over, "and most creditable to the men."

"The men drilled well and showed a fine spirit," said Commissioner Woods, who was "heard" rapidly, "and which was exactly what had been expected."

"They compared most favorably," said Col. Simpson of the army, in answer to a question, "with the regulars in setting up, marching and drilling."

MEN MUST PURIFY RANKS.

Commissioner Woods Outlines Duty at Traffic Squad Dinner.

Police Commissioner Woods, speaking at the dinner of the traffic squad in the Waldorf-Astoria, said last night that he would not have taken his present job had he not believed that the men on the force would do their share in driving the black sheep from their ranks. He said plainly to the policemen at the dinner that they knew the trouble in the department and they must apply the cure.

"I am as much a member of the force as you are," he said to the 500 members of the traffic squad. "If we keep as our aim the maximum of service we can look to the city to regard us as a body of men striving to do our utmost duty. Thus the lot of the black sheep will be made more unbearable."

"I look for the cure to you men. You know the trouble. You know the men. You must apply the cure."

The Commissioner referred to his predecessor as a "gentleman" and the reference to ex-Commissioner McKay, who was present, was received with loud cheers. He said he bore a greeting from the Mayor, who had to leave town with Mrs. Mitchell and could not be present at the dinner.

Other speakers were George McAneny, President of the Board of Aldermen; City Chamberlain Bruere, Collector of the Port of New York; Marcus M. Marks, President of the Borough of Manhattan, and William A. Marble, president of the Merchants Association.

WOODS PRAISES POLICE BAND.

Commissioner Woods at Musician's Annual Dinner.

The Police Band held its thirteenth annual dinner at Healy's, Sixty-sixth street and Columbus avenue. Seventy-six mem-

bers attended, and all gave three cheers when Police Commissioner Woods entered.

The Commissioner said there was no doubt in his mind that the police band furnished the best music in the parade. "Many people," he said, "commented on this fact, and wondered how policemen found time to devote to this sort of work. I told them there was very little for which you can call upon a New York policeman that he can't deliver."

"So firmly do I believe in the spirit of the New York Police Department that I accepted the position known as the graveyard of future ambitions—that of Police Commissioner. I can assure the men of the force, they'll be treated like

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Expanding Blouses,	1.15 to 12.75	Loose Negligees,	2.95 to 34.50
Coats and Capes,	8.75 to 42.50	Maternity Brassieres,	.65 to 2.15

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men. I am sure that is all they will ask."

Sergeant Floyd R. Pitta, director of the police band for two years, was presented with a silver loving cup by his associates. He has been in the service eighteen years.

The men of the Twenty-second precinct dined at Reisenweber's, with Capt. John Ormsby as toastmaster. The School of Recruits, numbering 100 men, of whom thirty-two will become full-fledged policemen Tuesday, had their dinner at the same place. Their guests included Lieut. Charles Scofield, instructor in drilling; Lieut. James Skeen and Lieut. Richard Manning.

The men of the East Twenty-second street station had an entertainment and dinner at Teutonia Hall, Third avenue and sixteenth street. The guest of honor was Frank Goodrich, an old doorman who retired a year ago. Goodrich had seven other invitations to police dinners, but elected to dine with his former comrades of the Twenty-first. Speeches were made by Inspector Frank Morris and Capt. John B. Sexton.

DINNER TO MEDAL MEN.

Mitchell, Woods and Schmittberger Address Legion of Honor.

The Honor Legion of the Police Department, about 400 strong, went to Terrace Garden immediately after the parade for a dinner to the medal men.

Mayor Mitchell, Police Commissioner Woods and Chief Inspector Schmittberger accompanied the legion to the floor of the big ballroom at the Garden and each made a short speech. Capt. Bourke presided as toastmaster. Mayor Mitchell and Commissioner Woods congratulated the legion on their excellent showing in the parade and added to their praises of the uniformed men who had distinguished themselves and won recognition in the department as members of the Honor Legion.

"After reviewing the parade I could not miss the opportunity of coming here and telling you what I and the people of New York thought of you," said Mayor Mitchell. "We all have the highest respect for the Honor Legion, its ranks being composed of men who have done their duty at the risk of their lives. It is no unusual thing for policemen to take a risk, but sometimes we forget that. When, however, our attention is called to the fact we endeavor to show our feeling for the men who have risked their lives."

"We want every man to have a spontaneous loyalty and love of duty, so that our Police Department may be the finest in the world. If you give us that loyalty you will have the backing of the Mayor and the Police Commissioner. I heard the chief inspector say to-day after the parade, 'It's the finest police department in the world.' I cannot describe my feelings on hearing that, but I heartily agree with him. Before the four years of my administration are ended I want to see the loyalty and devotion of you men displayed at their best."

STREET FAKERS HAPPY WHILE POLICE PARADE

Crap Shooters and Pushcart Merchants Flock to Their Favorite Playgrounds.

Every year at this time the deadliest enemies of the fakers and pushcart men go on parade and leave the streets free and clear for crap games, for manipulators of the little red ace and the elusive pea and for vendors of all sorts of marked down goods.

Park Row always seems to be the centre of attraction for these men when the patrolmen are few, and yesterday was no exception. On the row, from the bridge to Broadway and along parts of Nassau and the side streets, there were hundreds of fakers with all kinds of money making games.

On Ann street six crap games were running at once. One artist was testing optical speed as compared with digital rapidity, his medium being two black aces and a red ace. Probably he would take a \$2 bet if it was offered to him. Five, ten cents or a quarter was the size of the most of the bets laid with the Bridge Webber of Ann street. Most of his patrons were office boys or clerks.

You could buy "silk" umbrellas for 47 or 97 cents. Silk hosiery at 15 cents went fast, neckties were purchasable at any price over a nickel and all sorts of toilet articles, "unbreakable" combs and the like lined the curb.

One joker was charging a nickel to test your lungs. He would blow into a tube himself and two drops of water would spill out of a china duck at the other end. He would complain that his lungs were bad and invite you to see if you had consumption. One fair staid breath would send a stream of water shooting into your face, the crowd would laugh and the faker would get his nickel.

Stain removers, knife sharpeners which could be turned into screw drivers or cigarette holders, robe shoes, soft collars, shoe buttons, cuff buttons and glittering jewelry at 10 cents a glitter are only a few of the articles which you could have purchased.

Fire Victim Had Fiancee.

Harry Halstead, who was burned to death with his invalid mother Friday night at 230 Columbus street, Brooklyn, while making a heroic effort to rescue her, was engaged to Miss Ruth Carter of 236 Baltic street, and their marriage was to take place as soon as his mother's health improved. Mother and son will be buried to-morrow.

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There is no higher standard of style than that exemplified by the Gidding apparel.

Two and Three-piece Costume Suits
Were \$125 to \$350—now \$65, \$95 to \$145

Imported Models—Reproductions—Adaptations.

Tailleur and Demi-tailleur Suits
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Smart models, of fine imported materials.

\$45 to \$95 Capes and Coats—\$25, \$35, \$58

Silk Capes, Wraps and Coatees

of taffeta, charmeuse, satin and moire, for Afternoon, Porch and Evening Wear. Were \$65 to \$265—now \$35, \$58, \$95.

Dinner & Evening Gowns—Dance Frocks

Were \$75 to \$350—now \$45, \$75, \$95 to \$145

Exquisite creations, including imported models.

\$48 to \$75 Misses' Dance Frocks—now \$28

Street and Afternoon Dresses

Were \$58 to \$250—now \$28, \$48, \$65 to \$95

Of silk, chiffon, lace, novelty crepes, serge, etc.

'10 to '35 Blouses—\$5, '10, '15

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A splendid selection of Dress, Semi-dress and Street Hats, in the most effective styles for present and Summer wear.

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